

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOSSOM IN THE VALE.

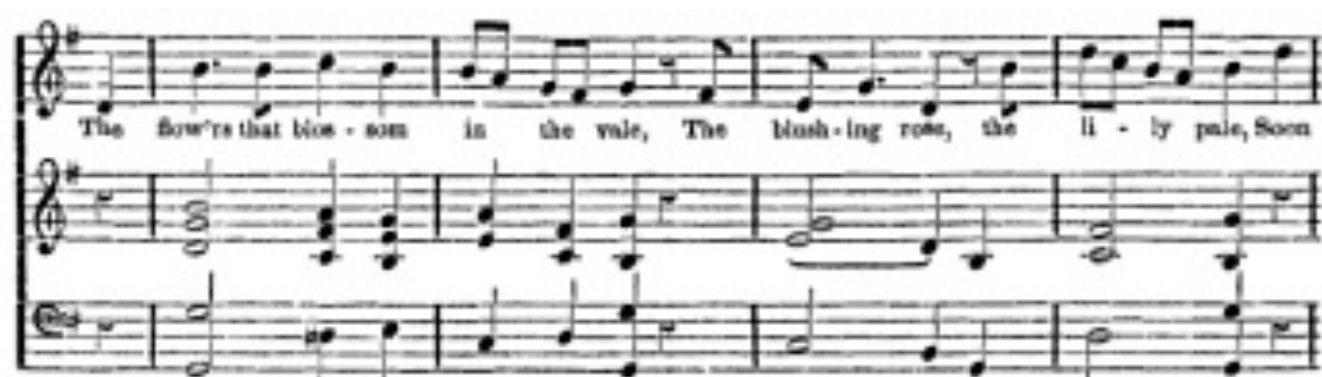
UNALtered.

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Moderato.



where the con - stant I - vy shoots, But where the con-stant I - vy shoots, It fas - tens by a

thou - sand roots, And nev - er fades a - way, And nev - er fades a - - way.

Second Verse.

So pas - sion dies, the gas - dy flow'r, Blooms but to wi - ther in an hour, And
all its sweets are o'er, And all its sweets are o'er. But true love like the
I - vy springs, But true love like the I - vy springs, And round the heart it fond - ly clings, To
part from it no more. To part from it no more.